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THE NEW UNITY

Meadville Theological School

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 6.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
'Til earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat:
But there is neither East nor West, nor Border nor Breed nor Birth
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St. Chicago.

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 19-27, 1897

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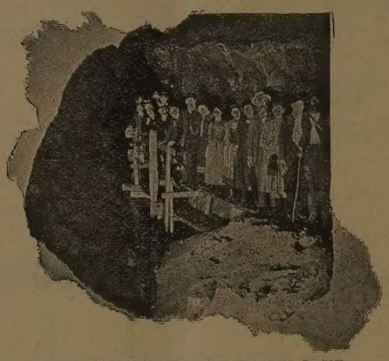

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$30.00

Parties of five or more, $25.00 each; or **free for 25 yearly subscriptions to the New Unity, at $2.00 per year.**

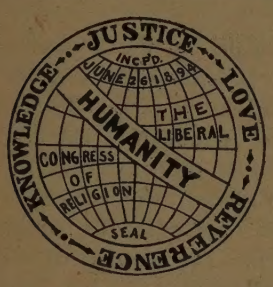
In order to secure these minimum rates, tickets have to be secured beforehand through Alfred C. Clark, publisher of the *New Unity*. To be sure of ample provisions all around, transportation should be secured at least by the first of October.

The payment of $5.00 down, the remainder on day of starting, will enable us to make ample provision in advance.

For further particulars inquire of Alfred C. Clark, 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, or Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary L. C. of R., 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1897. NUMBER 29



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming;
And if he feels the grace of Love
That from on high is given,
The blessed hosts that wait above
Shall welcome him to heaven!"

—GOETHE.

Among the features of the Nashville Congress will be an address by Hon. John W. Hoyt, ex-Governor of Nebraska, Chairman of the National Committee of One Hundred to promote the establishment of the University of the United States. He will speak on "The National Problem of Education." See program on another page

The Unitarian conference at Saratoga, in its program, recognizes the trend of the times by making a separate and distinct interest for the young. The Young People's Union, which took final shape a year ago, will have an important part in the program. E. A. Horton, Thomas Van Ness and W. W. Fenn will be prominent leaders at the meeting.

The *Reform Advocate* for September 4th speaks of the return of Dr. Hirsch from Europe, refreshed and strengthened, and our friend L. A. Eliel, who has during his absence ably wielded the editorial pencil, hands it back to the chief. We join the readers and contributors of the *Reform Advocate* in welcoming back our neighbor and co-laborer. Chicago was never in greater need of his strong hand and clear head than now. The liberal pulpit of Chicago is, to say the least, in a state of flux, but while Dr. Hirsch is at his post there will be at least one fearless spokesman for the gospel of clear thinking and noble doing.

Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane preached, the first Sunday in September, at the People's Church, Chicago, it being the first Sunday after vacation. She spoke on "The Decision of Character," or "The Importance of Keeping the Promise We Make Ourselves," a good text to start out the year with. We fear that this is the last and most difficult of the fidelities. It takes a delicate conscience to realize the Shakespearean standard of fidelity secured to others by being true to himself.

To thine ownself be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

If there are those who think of Rome only as the city of the dead, a city rich in monumental dust, let them read the article on "The Higher Life of Modern Rome," by Professor Lanciani, in the *Outlook* for September 4, abounding in startling facts, and illuminated by most interesting pictures. Cavour Mazzini, Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi are honored in the monuments, galleries and libraries of Rome, and they represent living issues, modern struggles and prophetic principles. Rome, the capital of the most conservative form of the Christian religion, is nursing within its breast a radicalism that, without revolution, we trust, will make it some day the capital of progressive thought, humanitarian sympathies and inclusive co-operation.

Some interesting Presbyterian statistics are passing around in our exchanges. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* is responsible for the statement that three per cent of the churches contain twenty per cent of the membership of the entire denomination; 264 churches have over 500 communicants, the aggregate membership of these churches being 190-000; the whole body is represented by 7,631 churches, with a membership of 960,911. The Presbyterian faith is still a dominant power. Perhaps the most vital thing in it is its tendency to differentiate from its original standards. Its charm and potency to many is in proportion as it is non-Calvinistic, in its more or less successfully carrying the inspiration of the past to the neglect of the letter.

Academic Freedom in America, or the collision at Brown University, is the deliverance of Edwin D. Mead, of the Editor's Table of the *New England Magazine* for September. It has been reprinted in a tract, and is calculated to do good. The conclusion of the whole matter, Mr. Mead sums up as follows:

But with President Andrews' personal fortunes the country is not concerned. It is concerned that the historic old Rhode Island university shall be redeemed, and that its corporation shall undo the great wrong which they have done to academic freedom in America. Let them undo it, not because the country has condemned it, but because they themselves recognize their mistake. Consistency, it has been well said, is the hobgoblin of little minds. Strong men are never so strong as when they say frankly, "We have made a mistake, and we propose to right it." Let it not be in the home of Roger Williams that an "orthodoxy" is fixed in political economy, that the school is made a monastery, and the scholar and the teacher is forbidden to be a citizen and to come into the great town meeting which is the glory of New England.

The *Outlook* for the fourth of September bears on its title page a most interesting portrait of Edward Everett Hale, one of the most unique personalities now in American life. The portrait is from a painting by his son Philip, and is the forerunner of a series of articles from the ever fertile pen of this man, who still works unceasingly towards his seventy-fifth anniversary. He is to write on "James Russell Lowell and His Friends." We need not to be told that these writings "will not contain a formal biography," for that is not the method of Mr. Hale; neither need we be told that the articles will abound in personal incident and anecdote," because everybody knows that that is his method. These writings will appear in the monthly numbers of the *Outlook* throughout the year 1898, all of which indicates another bright stroke of luck on the part of the publishers of the *Outlook*, and a good stroke of luck on the part of the large number of readers of this enterprising weekly.

The way the Indianapolis Women's Club furnished itself with its clubhouse is instructive, and its method may possibly suggest to many people's churches, and non-ecclesiastical and ethical organizations a way of procedure. A recent number of the Chicago *Times-Herald* tells the story thus:

This is the way the Indianapolis club women captured the bugbear proposition of a clubhouse. The seven projectors of the plan, having in turn interested other members of the Woman's Club, incorporated a stock company for building purposes. Stock to the amount of $15,000 was issued, and a lot valued at $5,500 was purchased. For one solid year the building committee discussed architectural drawings, and periodically changed their minds. In the meantime the capital stock was increased to $20,000 and a $14,500 building decided upon. Afterward a more elegant edifice was proposed, and $10,000 was borrowed. The work of erection was rapidly pushed, and the final house-warming to the tune of $28,000 was a gala night, prominent club women from all over the country being present at the festivities.

The Indiana woman is nothing if not independent. Not only were men not solicited to buy stock, but no man was permitted to buy stock. It was feminine ingenuity that brought it to final perfection. The mortgage of $10,000 caused by the necessary loan was soon turned into stock, and to-day there is absolutely no incumbrance on the property. The comfortable income from rentals supports the club.

"The Propylaeum" is used extensively by Indianapolis hostesses for social functions, an innovation which they found most desirable in every way.

Our friend, Mr. Dharmapala, of the Buddhist faith, has had his second recognition service on occasion of an American having espoused to the full the Buddhist faith and fellowship. The first was a gentleman, J. W. Strauss, the service of recognition being held in Chicago; the second is Countess D. Canavarro, a Californian by birth, raised in the Catholic church. The service of recognition was recently held in New York. This lady proposes soon to go to Ceylon for further study and work in the Buddhist faith. In the hard statistics of the matter, two converts in perhaps two years of time are small returns, but the work of Mr. Dharmapala is not to be measured in this fashion. It is interesting to know that the doors of Buddhism, like those of Christianity, swing both ways, and that there are those who, from time to time, pass both out and in, and though their paths seem to cross, both the emigrants and the immigrants are seeking after the same thing — perhaps grasping the same thing — the spirit of life and loyalty, which to some necessitates renunciation; to others, acceptance.

The Liberal Pulpit in Chicago.

The summer seems to have wrought havoc in the liberal pulpit of Chicago. Never in our memory have the forces seemed to be in so distracted and chaotic a condition at the beginning of the season's work. Dr. Gunsaulus, the brilliant preacher of Plymouth Church and the head of the great Armour Institute, an institution as promising as it is young, as full of energy and aggressiveness as the Chicago to which it belongs, is still obscured in a sanitarium, whither he was carried in June last in a pitiable state of physical collapse. The later reports encourage his friends to hope for final recovery. He is too young a man to be utterly routed by disease; he has too vigorous a constitution to be entirely overthrown even by the desecrations of over-work. But the physician decrees a prolonged rest, an indefinite leave-of-absence; meanwhile, if the newspapers are to be credited, the society is taking vigorous steps to supply the pulpit in the interim with the erratic and meteoric Talmage. If successful, even though temporarily, the selection does not reflect much credit upon the tastes of the congregation, nor much honor to the able men who founded and have occupied the pulpit heretofore. Mr. Talmage is nothing if not sensational. The nimbleness of his rhetoric makes it impossible to classify him, but we have supposed

that so far as he has a theology it has been of the ultra-conservative, loving to dwell on the supernatural rather than to develop the normal life of the soul, based upon the spiritual laws whose foundations are laid deep in nature; while Plymouth Church and pulpit have heretofore stood for the progressive things in orthodoxy and for the liberal things that emphasize the character more than the creed, in religion. The friends of liberal religion in Chicago will look eagerly for the return of Dr. Gunsaulus to his pulpit, not only on account of his own genial personality, but on account of the liberal accents that fall from his pulpit.

Thomas C. Hall, the son of Dr. John Hall, the great Presbyterian of New York, is Presbyterian in his fellowship and conservative enough in his inheritance and antecedents, but as pastor of the wealthy and influential Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, the church that cast out Professor Swing, he was fast becoming a leader of the liberal forces, all the more liberal and all the more a leader because his accents were not theological and his mind was not controversial. He was a man, who, in his person and in his constituency represented wealth, while in his thought and in his sympathies he was an earnest advocate of the cause of the laborer. On social questions he was fearless to a remarkable degree, and in civic matters he was aggressively outspoken and firm. A year ago his youth, his splendid physical frame, his broad academic training, added to the generous endowment of nature, pointed to Thomas Hall as a rising light in the Chicago pulpit, from whom might reasonably be expected a long and brilliant career. To-day Thomas Hall bides away in some Swiss nook, 'mid Alpine fastnesses, in obedience to the inexorable mandate of the physician. The serious attack of pneumonia which carried him to death's door last spring has left complications of nerve and circulation which have made his unqualified resignation as pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago, imperative. Chicago will greatly miss the voice of the strong young man whom it was learning to love under the complimentary name of "Tom Hall."

In the vicinity of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, stands the Unity Church, a monument to the power of Robert Collyer and the generosity of the Unitarians of the world, who poured their money into his hands that the Unity Church, that went down in the great fire, might rise again in its wonted beauty and power. This church is once more without a shepherd. B. R. Bulkeley, the fourth incumbent since the resignation of Robert Collyer, has concluded to bide eastward, and his resignation has come to the society instead of himself. Mr. Bulkeley brought a genial personality, a warm heart and a willing hand to Chicago. His ministry has been a kindly one, tolerant, generous, earnest, but while some departments, notably the Sunday-School, thrived under his hands, on the whole things did not seem to go. Perhaps he carried more than his share of the responsibilities of the hard times, anyhow he leaves behind him the problem which he found still unsolved, but he leaves not an enemy. Many friends, and those who learned to know Mr. Bulkeley during his Chicago sojourn, will think of him kindly and will hope for good things for him and his wherever they may go. THE NEW UNITY, while advocating a policy not consonant with Mr. Bulkeley's methods or convictions, found in him a most courteous and genial friend, a man who knew how to agree to differ and to dissent without antagonisms.

More pathetic is the leave-taking of James Vila Blake from the pulpit of the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago, a church that was built by Carleton Staples before the fire, and has been honored by the pastorates of M. J. Savage and E. P. Powell. The building itself was burned last winter, since which time the society has worshiped in the chapel of the Lewis Institute. Now, after fifteen years of service, Mr. Blake withdraws, not only from the pastorate of this church, but from the ministry. His withdrawing is as unique as it is pathetic, and is characteristic of the work and the worker. According to the *Christian Register*, Mr. Blake "has sent a tender letter of resignation to every member of his flock," whom he calls "my most precious few." In this letter he speaks of the constant kindness and faithfulness of his people. They can return the compliment and say, with truth, that Mr. Blake's ministry has been on lines of high thought; his sermons, classic in form, have been direct appeals to the native reverence of the human soul and the ethical foundations of life. Whatever may be the future of the Third church, Mr. Blake's fifteen years' ministry has left its mark on many souls, and his contribution to religion through the activities and publications of the Western Unitarian Conference and the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, has been a permanent and a priceless one. If Mr. Blake is to be remembered in no other way, he will be lovingly remembered for the contributions to the devotional life of this constituency through the Unity Hymns and Chorals and the Unity Services and Songs.

On the South Side, while Mr. Fenn represents a growing and hopeful mission on the outer rim of the city in the neighborhood of the University of Chicago, the mid-summer congregations at this Memorial Chapel, on Fifty-seventh street, we understand have been of a most promising character, the fate of the original First Unitarian Church, the mother of Unitarianism, whose history dates back to earliest Chicago, seems decidedly uncertain. The church has a valuable property situated in the very heart of the "influential" district, the center

of the big churches, with millionaires settled thick around it, but spite of plenty of money in the pews, and high scholarship in the pulpit, such as Mr. Fenn represents, the attendance at its ministrations has been meager, and its continuance on the old site seems doubtful. Many seem to think that the wisest thing it can do is to follow the example of many another mother of pioneers,— pull up stakes and go with the child to build up a new home farther on toward the borders, where the struggle for existence will be less severe.

But while the three Unitarian churches of Chicago seem to be (measured on long lines) in a period of decadence, we are sure of two things, first of the good work done in the past by them, and of the sure triumph of their essential message in the future. One reason of their perplexity lies in the fact that they have done their work so well that their gospel finds a more human and humane expression than their own boundaries can reach. Perhaps, also, they have done their work too well, they have differentiated too conscientiously. The "errors" of orthodoxy may have been emphasized so effectively as to overshadow the "truths" of orthodoxy which the people cannot do without.

The one sensational item in the current history of the Chicago pulpit is the withdrawing of Frank Buffington Vrooman, not only from the associate pastorate of the People's Church, Chicago, but from the ministry. The cause of this withdrawal is very definite as is the next thing to be undertaken by this young man of brawn and brain. Mr. Vrooman is organizing a Klondike mining company, and hopes in an honorable and honest way to provide himself with the wherewiths of a livlihood. His withdrawal from the People's Church pastorate is purely for financial reasons. To the credit of both sides let it be said that barring certain sensationalism in the newspaper announcement, the spirit displayed has been courteous, dignified and generous. Mr. Vrooman speaks in unqualified terms of the senior pastor, Dr. Thomas. He is "one with whom every association I have ever had has been beautiful and whom I have found under all circumstances to be a gentleman and a Christian." While Dr. Thomas and the People's Church on the other hand, bear testimony to Mr. Vrooman's ability as a preacher and a scholar. Some unpleasant things have been said perhaps. Some facts have been made public of a financial nature that ought not to have been. Maybe the publicity will correct them. The open secret has only received a little more direct publication, that the People's Church of Chicago like all such hall movements directed on open lines, has not been as successful a business corporation as the closer organization of the creed-bound and pew-renting, one-day-in-seven churches of society. While such movements as McVicker's Theatre and Central Music Hall have had their seat-rentings, they have also had the maximum openness and free-seat possibilities. The New Unity has often called attention to the difficulty of reconciling these two ideals of an absolutely free home to all classes as well as to all minds, and at the same time a pay-as-you-go and pay-for-what-you-get administration. Dr. Thomas has wrought mightily for the well-being of Chicago. He is one of the pioneers in the People's Church movement and if he can add now to his great achievements in this direction a business administration worthy his constituency, the Vrooman episode will have been a profitable one. Meanwhile we all wish Mr. Vrooman success in Klondike, and those of us who are left behind must work the harder.

If this glance at the liberal pulpits in Chicago seems somewhat depressing, let it not be forgotten that the cause still has its spokesmen and that the heart of Chicago is open to the sunlight. The four Universalist churches seem to be in good working order. Mr. White, of the busy church at Englewood, was back on the first Sunday of the month, and spoke on live questions suggested by Hall Caine's "The Christian" and "Quo Vadis," from which he inferred that "the ethical and spiritual problems of humanity are passing beyond the exclusive possession of the clergy and the church, and that art and literature are becoming deeply impressed with them." He plead for that "experimental church, undenominational, planted in the worst slums, with its working rooms," etc. Dr. Canfield, the same Sunday, began the year's work over the most sufficient of the liberal Protestant churches in Chicago in a moneyed way. Mr. Gregory, of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer on the West Side, pleaded for law and justice. And there remains with us the intelligent, stalwart ministry of the Jewish pulpit, unflinching, uncompromising, intelligent, amenable to science and to progress. The cause of liberal thought in Chicago is still in good hands, and where some workers fall out by the way others are forthcoming to seize the standards and bear them forward. "Men may come and men may go," but truth endures, and righteousness must conquer. In this spirit may the friends of The New Unity take a hold to the work, to sacrifice, to pray and to wait.

Hawthorne and His Children.

The relation which Hawthorne held to his own children, as illustrated both in the memoirs of him and in his "Note-Books," was unquestionably a sign of that profound humanity which was the deep spring of his writings. But it was not, as some seem to think, a selfish love which he bore for them; the relation was one of the elemental things in nature, a fullness of feeling which found expression otherwise only as all his nature found outlet—in spiritual communion with mankind. How deep this inherent love of childhood lay is instanced in that passage in "Our Old Home," which one reads, as it were, with uncovered head.—*H. E. Scudder.*

Post-Mortem Beneficence.

No better illustration has been recently furnished of the better advisability of beneficence before death, instead of vast testamentary gifts, than the suit just closed over the Fayerwether estate and will. Here was a kindly-hearted business man who decided at his death to endow a few of the colleges with what he had accumulated as a leather dealer. The first move was a claim of the executors that about one-half of the estate was left to them for their own disposal. The rest was portioned out to the colleges named in the testator's bequest; but even that after a suit undertaken to recover for the benefit of the heirs-at-law.

But what especially interests the public is the power which the entrustment of such vast sums gives to those handling them to circumvent rather than fulfill the purpose of the would-be benefactor. Compelled to render an account more in accordance with the evident intent of the deceased, the executors gave the bulk of the residue to such institutions as they themselves chose to select, leaving out many of those specified by Mr. Fayerwether. Then followed a suit on the part of the omitted colleges, and successful effort to stay the proposed distribution. During these suits it now turns up that the following enormous fees have been paid to retained counsel. On the first accounting William H. Arnoux, as counsel for the executors, is said to have received fifty thousand dollars; on the third accounting fifteen thousand dollars. John E. Parsons is reported to have received for similar services thirty thousand and fifteen thousand; another forty-one thousand going on equal division at a second accounting. Here, if we are to credit this report, the enormous sum of one hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars was paid out of this money left for educational purposes to fatten our millionaire lawyers. Other sums of similar character were paid to other counselors.

By what ratio of merit a lawyer should receive such astounding "equivalents for services rendered," we cannot undertake to divine. Our college professors, who were to have been sustained by Mr. Fayerwether's beneficence, would have been held to be well paid if they had received two thousand to two thousand five hundred dollars a year for services continuing daily for nine months; that is, the sum of $151,000 would have paid seventy-five teachers of the highest rank in science a full year. In other words, it would have paid the salaries of all the faculties in six of our first-class colleges, such as Mr. Fayerwether in the main tried to benefit. Or this sum would have paid all the expenses of five of our smaller first-class colleges for a year. But $151,000 does not seem to have been by any means all the fees paid by the executors.

Of the justice of any of the suits, or the merit of the questions involved we do not propose to undertake to pass judgment. But in the name of common sense let men of wealth learn the advisability of giving as they go; and attending to their own affairs. It is not probable that it would have cost Mr. Fayerwether five thousand dollars or five hundred to have distributed his own wealth before death—and had the pleasure of it in the bargain. The colleges named by the bequest have sorely suffered. Some of them are doing their best, and it is a best to be proud of, on an annual income of thirty to forty thousand dollars. It is not seemly that our men of wealth shall stand by and let the laborers starve.

This business of contesting wills has been reduced to a science. The largest and probably wisest bequests of the last quarter of a century have been turned aside by litigation from the direction indicated by the testator. Just now the magnificent university founded by Mr. Stanford in memory of his son, whom he idolized, has barely escaped bankruptcy owing to a suit brought by the government. Mrs. Stanford is selling the stock from her ranch to prevent the university from embarrassment and lessened efficiency. Our men of wealth have done nobly in the way of endowing public institutions. It is not the capitalists who are standing in the way of human progress, but those who stand about to prevent, by technical means, the possibility of benevolence doing its work. Not a bequest of any great size has reached our colleges without a good-sized fraction being absorbed on the way. It would seem possible to breed a spirit of unselfishness that would find pleasure in hurrying all such sums promptly to their destination; especially as most of the learned counselors are college graduates. It is a curious fact that the bequest left by President Washington for educational purposes—now amounting to several millions—and left as a fiduciary trust to Congress, has never been accounted for. Is it lost; or is it yet to be used with honor, as Washington directed?

E. P. P.

The Evening Wind.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, aud pulses bound
Livelier at the coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Bryant.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Life's Sea.

Out from the haven of motherly care
Drifted slowly a barque of life,
Bearing within it pure and fair
A Soul, to contend with the water's strife.

Gently floating at first by shores
Burdened with beauty, where bending low
Were rarest flowers, no wonder the oars
Of that soul-boat rested upon the prow.

But onward still onward, the water's unrest
Bore the boat and its steersman soul,
Till it found the sea where the far-off west
Shone with its waves of burnished gold.

No dallying now with the sun-kissed flowers;
Sterner effort the boat must sway:
The oars must be wielded by stronger powers
Than sufficed to guide in that distant bay.

The Soul was true, the Soul was strong—
Though sky and sea grew cheerless, dark,
It fought the tempest-demon long
Ere a haven was found for its battered barque.

Barques like to this, but manned less brave,
Shattered and wrecked 'midst the storm sank down—
Sank deep, and found a mid-ocean grave;
But faith and courage a harbor found.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

The New Unity to the Rescue.

"Shall the child be king?" Opposites conserve balance in Nature; therefore, ethically considered, the answer to the above question must be "No" and "Yes!"

In the more primitive conditions of man he obtained unity amid the diversity of individual struggle by the harmony of the clan, uniting by common consent for resistance.

Such small unity of clan or creed must give place to that "New Unity" of Universals—those inherent principles of being and association which are now binding men together in closer sympathy.

In this benign light men are being unfolded into a perception of the beauty, holiness and power of the One Life. Standing with eyes fixed upon this One Life for all men, and with hearts beating in unison with the Omnipresent Heart of Creative Thought, a Liberal Congress of Religions becomes possible.

One Life, One Creative Thought, One Infinite Source of all affections and perceptions! One field for its expression diversely in man—and that field the social world, now and forever. Thus are we impelled to move into progressive mansions of soul-perception.

Under the idea of clan-unity—home—the patriarchical precinct ruled supreme. And it was well. Under the new unity of the now, something greater than the edict issued from clans of any sort must speak would it compel obedience from the children of the now, be they young or adult.

The church speaks as with authority—her family shrugs the shoulder, and her ministers preach as seemeth to them good. Behold a greater than the church is here, even the Divine Presence itself, in the hearts of the people, who refuse to accept the authority of anything of less precedent.

Parents command, while children turn the careless ear. Behold a greater than the parent is here, even the Omnipresent Spirit of Justice and Need in the child's consciousness.

Is it not being evidenced that only as authority without re-echoes in the halls of justice within, is it revered and obeyed by the child of any stature? Is this not an age of Freedom? Is not her knock heard upon every closed door? Is not the conservatism of nations yielding to International Unity? Does not the conservative individual unfold to the call of Universal Need? All things to all ages, Clan-Unity where it was best for man. The New Unity of large universals to this age where man demands to recognize and be recognized by the One Life.

The opening of new eras necessarily brings somewhat of disturbed adjustment, and nowhere is this felt more keenly than in the home relation, where the throne of final authority is being swung from the clan center of the home outward, around and within the ethical home of the race—adult and youth.

This larger swing of the orbit of final authority is conformable to the need and nature of evolution. First to the man, then to the race. First to the parent, then to the Truth, the principle, must—the progressive conception of man—the child of truth, of principles—yield obedience.

In the lesser authority of the home, Injustice not infrequently sits a guest. In the larger authority belonging to principles of universal application, the peace and power of the One Life serve as wings to the angel of Justice that she hover, progressively recognized, within the sanctuary, alike of the home and the race.

Very true is it that "If there are ever times in the larger community when the strong hand of the Government should be placed upon the shoulder of the wrong-doer, and he compelled to be law-abiding, may there not come a time in the economy of the minor community when it is the duty of the teacher to keep the child in place?" Is it not also true that according to the enlightenment of the Government is the hand so placed? Are not governments subject to progressive adjustment? Would not greater acquiescence be obtained were that governmental hand an international one? Were its sentence upon the guilty the result of international wisdom? Such would seem to be the relative importance of authority from a parent or teacher, and that authority of *Law* inherent within both parent and child. Perhaps comparatively few philosophers would now contend that education plants anything new within the child. Would it not rather be held that all qualities of expression are inherent in the nature of the child, education leading them out progressively as they become sensitized to the need of the child and the call of environment.

May not "Do as I tell you, because I am your parent and know best," stunt the child's perception of the principle of right inherent in every exigence? Would not "I advise you to do thus, my son, because home and the many will be made peaceful and happy thereby, and yourself, because you are a part of the many," develop within the child rever-

ence for all pertaining to universal good and happiness? A little child of four years is often appealed to thus: "Which is it now, dear, a little citizen of the home, or a stranger whom we must teach?" His reply generally is,—"A little citizen of the home." Sometimes he laughs, saying,—"A little stranger," then follows instructions and observation as to the results, whether happy or otherwise. Just here is a vital point. Has the child a right to err that it may learn from experience? Has the adult that right? Has the race exercised that right? If the aggregated wisdom of the race has been insufficient to take the place of individual experiment as verifying knowledge, should the wisdom of the parent arrogate to itself the privilege of experience for the child? It may be argued,—"The child is young." So is man. So is the race.

Courtesy is the extending of perfect freedom and consideration for all coming within its range. Courtesy has power to evoke its like. It calls forth the gentler virtues, and emulates the finer perceptions of relationships. The principle of government is as generic in nature as that of individual effort. The question is not, shall government yield to home anarchy? but, shall it issue the fiat for a new adjustment within its domain? May not the subjects within the home be called upon to recognize government as assuming a new rôle, namely, courtesy, which embodies and leads to action self-government? It may be more than possible that perfect undeviating courtesy to the child will control all wilful energy, both of parent and child. Are parents sufficiently unfolded to be undeviatingly courteous? Break the bond of courtesy, and either despotism or anarchy is invited for the time. Heaven is harmony. Order is heaven's first law. Because we may not be perfect parents does not absolve us from the duty of striving with every energy and occasion to become worthy to lead a little child. Educators will continue to discuss child-rights, and parents bear the temporary confusion of tongues until all shall be brought into the one language of courtesy to all and partial legislation in favor of none. Meanwhile we may find that "a little child shall lead them." "Shall the child be king?" Yes! If that child be represented by the parent and child in united interest, standing hand in hand toward the realization of the right of the highest and best to rule, that the One Life may be glorified in us whose children we are.

DELLA B. MORRISON.

Ambition.

Praiseworthy is the man of ready hand.
To take occasion, where one may,
To plant or prune hath honor, too.
No effort's lost
Wherein the good of any has been sought;
But such to fruitage comes, and to the full
Of this world's virtue lends its share.
Still, I would ask—if selfishly—
A fenced field, mine all to occupy:
Set portions of the world's high tasks
Mine to fulfil. I would have stewardship
Of such small part of this, my Lord's domain,
As fitted best my hand.
Then, when he came to view his own,
And measure make of harvest promises,
With others of the vineyard I might stand,
And, pointing, say: This work is mine,
And herein I have wrought my best for Thee.

LINCOLN E. BROWN.

Correspondence.

TOWER HILL, August, 1897.

DEAR UNITY:—Even after weeks of perusal of your prospectus, Tower Hill was a great surprise to two, at least, of your readers. We had not expected to find, within two hundred miles of Chicago, such an absolute change of soil and scenery, while the drop from dressing for dinner to sempiternal short skirt and sunbonnet as a condition of true fashionableness was equally startling and refreshing.

As I lie on this breezy hill-top, watching the sunshine flicking the herbage with wandering gold, and listen to the music of the "soulful" pines, I am marveling that this place is not besieged by tired teachers and quiet-seekers of all kinds—it is so primitive—so natural—so rest-suggesting—and above all, so poetical. I wonder if we Americans really love Emerson's ideal of plain-living and high-thinking, or whether we only dream that we should like it when the goal seems quite unattainable. Here, we sojourners of the year of grace, 1897, feel as if it were to be found in perfection, and yet comparatively few persons of the tired outside world have as yet made their way to it.

Each of us has his (or oftener *her*) tent or room in a cottage or "long-house," all embowered in trees—keeping just as private or as sociable as we please. The air has been deliciously cool ever since we have been here; the dining-room is clean, well screened from the too attentive fly and mosquito, and served with the same air of well-bred kindness that is distinctive of the social conduct of the place. The architecture of the building is what I may call the early (probably earliest) Gothic—the sweet, unpainted, piney rafters and joists-spaces in clean unabashed evidence everywhere, while some good Samaritan has shaded the entrance to the dining-hall with relays of green boughs, beneath which the festive ice-cream (sole evidence of modern degeneracy!) is ladled out on high-days and holidays.

The hill, embracing sixty acres of woodland, overlooking a horseshoe bend of the broad Wisconsin, and isolated on three sides by water and ravine, affords the greatest variety of enchanting prospects I have seen for many a day. Water is abundant, a pretty and ever-revolving windmill on the summit supplying a reservoir from which pipes descend that are tapped by faucets at frequent intervals on the grounds for drinking and hosing purposes alike, the water being furnished by springs which rise pure and cool from under a high bluff on the river bank, which lies two hundred feet below.

As for the summer school, I hardly know how to delineate it. The work of the leaders is so simple, sincere and scholarly, with so much inspiration and so little dogmatism, that "school," that word of dry association, does not describe it. Even the tired city teacher rejoices in being led through such fresh mental fields with never a closed gate or forbidden prospect on the way, but only help to see for herself, till each poem and story, well-known or unveiled for the first time, stands out for all future years in the light of a lover's appreciation.

Two hours with Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the morning spent in searching, as he calls it, for the noblest

English poems, really in spell-bound forgetfulness of space and time while listening to his eloquent interpretation of the beloved masterpieces, from Lycidas to Asolando; afternoons passed in nature-study of the neighborhood, now of its birds with Professor Libby and now of its stones with Professor Perisho; while long wanderings through thick woods, carpeted with sweet herbs, and interspersed with cliffs and quarries, give object lessons in feathers and hues and songs for the one, and many-colored strata for the other. Now imagine evenings spent with Mr. Simmons in the company of Demeter and Persephone, Medea and her woes, or Edipus and Antigone, and the heights of satisfaction would seem to have been reached, till all is rounded up by a week of the best English novelists, Ebers, Kingsley, Hawthorne, Dickens and (English by virtue of our homage) Victor Hugo. Does not the mere recapitulation of the goodies make one's mouth water?

But alas, all this is so dry! How can I give the atmosphere of the place, week-day class or crowded Sunday service, by mere description? Perhaps a little history will help me to my purpose. A quaint idyll of American country-life of very unusual quality hangs thereby.

At about the time of the Tractarian reaction at Oxford, a student of that university — a Jenkin David Lloyd, was cast out of its doors for avowing socinian convictions. He returned to his home in South Wales and there instituted a liberal church to which he preached and thus formed with his relatives, the Joneses, and others a center of advanced thought which still continues to influence powerfully the dwellers in that part of Wales. Some fifty years ago, one of the Lloyd-Jones representatives came to America, and after some removals, settled on government land in Wisconsin. His ten children have largely peopled this neighborhood and influenced its thought and manners for many years. Deeply affectionate, and anxious that their children should not be forced by crowding to separate, the parents provided that the sons should be able to have farms adjacent or nearly so, and by working hard with head and hands, they and their twenty or thirty descendants have attained and maintained an honorable prosperity among their fellows, while their rather remarkable intellectual tastes and decidedly liberal tendencies in religion hand on the torch lighted by the brave Welsh Jenkin. Two teacher sisters keep the beautiful Hillside school, where hand cultivation in carpentry, blacksmithing, etc., go on *pari passu* with mathematics and poetry; and the preacher brother is the center of enough family admiration and anxiety to weaken any muscle less robust than that of sturdy Welsh-Americans of the Jones variety.

Many years ago the brothers and sisters instituted what was at first a memorial meeting in the "house wood-lot" of the original farm. This was a religious service, and gradually attracted more and more neighbors, until first a modest chapel, and later our Tower Hill pavilion, would hardly hold the worshipers; and hence a growing habit of assembly, and later Mr. Jones' summer school, which is first and foremost for the benefit of this neighborhood, and thence finally, the idea of a Tower Hill encampment.

But the loveliest spirit must have a body to live in if humanity is to benefit by it; so Tower Hill has to have a business form. This materialized after the following fashion: Mr. Jones once came back to this favorite stamping ground, then nothing more than an "idle wild," to find that some careless campfire had destroyed many of its immemorial pines. This distressed him and set him to thinking, and the upshot was that Mr. Hunting and Mr. W. C. Gannett joined with him to form a company and buy the hill. Others came in, and the following arrangements have been agreed upon as a final basis of settlement here:

"A payment of twenty-five dollars entitles a subscriber to one share in the company, and also to two adjacent hill lots, 25x110 feet in *usufruct;* that is, the company keeps ultimate ownership and control, but the lessee may erect on the lots anything the association approves of, and, having erected it, may dispose of or remove the building at any time, being, however, expected to erect something within a reasonable time, as actual occupation is a *sine qua non* of the holdings."

This, of course, enables the company to have a choice as to neighbors.

Meanwhile, Mr. Jones and a few enthusiastic helpers have laid out several thousand dollars in permanent improvements—the capacious reservoir of delicious water; a large and well-filled icehouse; the pretty pavilion, 50x20 feet, with its endless possibilities of decoration, its natural tree pulpit and its great open fireplace; the long houses, with the thousand and one conveniences necessary for the comfort of transient institute guests; expenses, for which I fear the projectors will never be reimbursed except by the consciousness of doing things; but that is probably the only reward they expected.

To sum up, the rich and the fashionable will probably never flock here, as dress and "style," luxury and sloth, could hardly consort with the present spirits on Tower Hill. But it will become more and more the resort of tired teachers and ministers, and of those who desire simplicity and rest amid wholesome and lovely surroundings. A few more cottages built by persons in sympathy with the enterprise would make it a little more comfortable financially for its projectors, who now carry a disproportionate share of its growing responsibilities; but these, I believe, will come, and while, as I intimated before, "self-pleasing folly's idle brood" will probably always give it the go-by, a select circle will more and more find here the plain living and high thinking which is the persistent ideal of the thoughtful mind.

I really ought to give a separate chapter to our Tower Hill dogs. Such individuality has been imparted to their canine characters by the universal respect and attention shown them here, that a faithful biographer might reap a rich field in recording their idiosyncrasies; but in consideration of the fact that the "affections and jealousies of lizards" have so lately been written up, and that the dog history might embolden the innumerable insects of Tower Hill, from gnats to huge bumblebees and gigantic grasshoppers, to clamor for recognition, prudence calls a halt, and we leave "Sam Jones," "Buck" ben Nobody, "Rab Phillips" and "Cadwallader Bendagee" to a future historian.

CORDELIA S. KIRKLAND.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Elijah the Tishbite, of the Inhabitants of Gilead.

A Sermon Preached in the First Congregational Church, Appleton, Wis., August 22, 1897, by Rev. John Faville.

Text: Elijah.

No person can be measured unless we know how he regards God and his fellow-man. What he is doing for his Maker and his neighbor are the supreme tests. Our relation to God largely determines the principles we espouse; our relation to our neighbor guides our practices. Our personal progress and perfection rests first upon our attitude toward our treatment of these two.

We are to study this hour *Elijah;* to look at him from these two main angles of vision.

1. *Elijah in his bearing toward or his treatment of God.*

The nation is born of God. He has a purpose in it. Each nation has a special divine mission. To the Hebrews had been committed the greatest work of their age—to reveal Jehovah, to preserve and teach the truth regarding his unity and purity. A deadly danger threatened Israel when Elijah flashed across her history. The revolt of the ten tribes under Jereboam was a righteous one. But he tampered with the national religion. He put expediency before right, politics before religion, and his half-worldly, half-religious policy did what it will always do—degenerated government and degraded religion.

And now, fifty years after, the fruit of that course is ripening under Ahab. He has taken to wife—the first Israelite or Hebrew king to do so—a woman from the old idolatrous Canaanite race. He married Jezebel, and paganism is on the throne. Jereboam's compromise has resulted in the control of the priests of Baal and Astarte, and the first persecution of the Church is inaugurated.

And to woman, who has been so staunch and sacrificing a friend of religion, must also be accorded the dishonor of being in this pagan queen one of the most intolerant and brutal persecutors of religion. Those faithful ones in Israel were the spiritual ancestors of those in the catacombs, of the covenanters, and the pilgrims, for they felt the bitter sting of intolerance.

The cruel and licentious worship of the Phœnician divinities under Ahab was a prodigious step down from even the symbolic worship of Jehovah that Jereboam established. But this profligacy and debauchery were so painted over with the luxury and the peace the nation was enjoying — for Ahab was brave, patriotic, magnificent in taste—that it did not seem hideous, hardly dangerous to most of them to have God supplanted. But a crisis has come. The last link between Jehovah and Israel seemed to be broken, when this Titan, God's blacksmith, *Elijah,* comes to weld the nation again to Him. He was no poet nor philosopher,—a man not of words but work. He was not eloquent like Aaron; not a commander like Moses; not a statesman like Samuel. He was to preach but little, write nothing, but *do* what makes him one of the most unique and imposing figures in Jewish history. Who were his ancestors, what his training, where his home, the records say not. A rugged, solitary commanding man, who stands before Israel to say—"Jehovah is God, serve him." That outlines Elijah and his relation to God.

But we must see more than this to understand him or his work.

1. We meet this Tishbite first as the bearer of a message. Not a pleasant one, and to a king. But he gave it. This first test shows the metal of the man. Put yourself in his place. He is in a hopeless minority; in an unpopular cause, but there is no apology nor cringing as he faces Ahab with the message. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, *before whom I stand,* there shall be no rain." It said to the popular and self-satisfied ruler, you are wrong, I am right. You may hunt me but you cannot silence me. You may deny God, nevertheless he is Jehovah.

2. But the man who is to defend or reveal God cannot always court the crowd; it is neither wise nor safe to do so. There must be times of solitude, meditation. So with Elijah. You find him next at the brook of Cherith, and he owes much to those days of retirement. To be driven into isolation seems hard, but the best thought and work has often come from it. Moses in Midian, Paul in Arabia, Jeremiah in prison, John on Patmos, Augustine at Hippo, Dante banished, Luther in his cell, Bunyan in Bedford jail—how many tell us that if a man is to be a champion for God to be alone with him at times is gain. Elijah is preparing for action. God is teaching, drilling him. That lonely forest is the school room, the drill-ground. Zarephath had its lessons also, we shall see, but as we study Elijah in his march toward God and his defense of him, the next place we meet him is at *Carmel.*

3. And Carmel means that this gladiator is ready for the arena. You cannot make too much of that day on Mt. Carmel. Paganism and Judaism met in the most dramatic and romantic conflict of history. I do not say other hours and other battles have not been equally decisive or momentous in their issue. I remember Beth-Horon and Tours and Lepanto, Milvian Bridge and Lutzen. All met crises in religion. I remember Paul at Jerusalem, Luther at Leipsic, Christ in the wilderness and the Garden temptations. But on Carmel that day the two religions of the world met. One was incarnated in Jezebel. Outwardly beautiful, inwardly beastly, catering to the lowest ambitions and the vilest passions, a religion that would at times shame the brute in its ferocity and degradation. And the other religion was incarnated in Elijah, outwardly plain, but clean; simple, but true to God as the needle to the pole; stern, but honest. Elijah alone—four hundred and fifty leaders of Jezebel's faith against him—and yet not alone. There they meet, Force and Faith, the flesh and the spirit, Belial and Christ. Does anyone wonder the divine fire came?

The issue of that tragic hour shaped the course of centuries, and the human force was this lonely rugged man of faith, who with his splendid fairness, said: "If Baal be God, serve him; if Jehovah serve him."

It almost seems as if this were the climax of Elijah's relation to God; that here he became his most brilliant and successful champion. What more could he want, or need? He needed *Horeb*. God commissioned Elijah at Jezreel. He taught him at Cherith. He used him at Carmel: but Elijah never knew, never met Jehovah fully till he went to Horeb.

It looks now as if this stern old hero had lost his "clue to providence;" his grip upon the Almighty in the turn of affairs when Jezebel rallies and plots his murder. And you can see why. Elijah did not yet see that the kingdom of God is within you, and as loyal as he meant to be he was depending on force not love. He was a Mohammedan, not a Christian in his method. So he slew the prophets of Baal and said—the battle is won,—Jehovah will be God now. But it did not end that way, Jezebel rallied and Elijah ran. And in those forty days in the wilderness Elijah wrestled with some of the same problems that met the Christ in his temptation. What is to subdue the world and enthrone Jehovah? Armies, or sacrifice? Fire or love? To kill or to convert? In the great wild soul of the prophet, these questions pressed for an answer, and it took the journey from Carmel to Horeb, and the lessons of the hurricane, and the earthquake, and the lightning to find it. Christ, when the temptation came to him to take the way of self-assertion instead of self-renunciation, at once said, "No! I 'll trust the cross, not the sword. I 'll move men from within, not try to push them from without."

Elijah was not Christ, but he stood at the head of a great succession. He stood as Peter when Christ met him at the seashore dinner after his rising—at the beginning of a movement that was to capture the world, and to introduce a false method or principle then meant disaster. And God wanted Elijah at his best. Carmel meant courage, but Horeb meant consecration. God came to him there to tell him that, not in fire and sword, but in the heart was the place to find God, and through the heart the world was to be won to him. Read again that manifestation of God to his prophet in the cavern. There is nothing finer in the personal religious experience and history of men, except when the Son of Man, fasting and wrestling in the wilderness of Judea, met the same great question in a broader way—how does God expect to take the world? How must I work?

The still small voice to Elijah meant that wind and earthquake and fire may come, but they are man's, not God's, ideal. Only truth and love and right in the soul, only the work that speaks to the person with the whispers of hope and faith and love, will win.

This was the greatest lesson God taught Elijah about himself. He had not learned it at Carmel.

So God led him through the valley of fear and failure to Horeb, and said, "Elijah, it is grace, not power; love, not wrath; sacrifice, not arbitrariness; the still small voice of reason and conscience, not the roar of cannon, that men need to lead them to me."

And we need that lesson still. The fire and the storm may come: a revolutionary war for civil freedom—a civil war for personal freedom—but these are man's methods. War and pestilence and famine as teachers instead of the still small voice mean man's depravity, not God's commandment.

God wants to come to us as he wanted to come to Elijah, in the whispers of conscience, in the persuasive tones of reason, in the quiet voice of justice and truth and gentleness.

Elijah went down from that mountain to give his nation a glimpse of the truth that was to shine in its splendor when the Messiah came, that the kingdom of God is within you; it cometh not with observation (outward show), and Elisha and Hosea, Amos and Isaiah and Jeremiah felt the power of that truth from the impulse given them by this forerunner, the Tishbite of Gilead.

Horeb then, not Carmel, gave the choicest manifestation of God to His prophet. In the cavern, not on the hill, did he get his fullest bearing, his clearest sight of Him.

The Church, the supposed Christian, has often taken the Carmel road to win, but Christ always went to Horeb, and the world is fast learning that however brilliant and decisive the victory for God won by slaughter, in the end, he who kills his neighbor instead of saves him, will follow Elijah in his lonesome and despairing journey to the cave at Horeb.

We shall see this better as we study Elijah from another angle, viz:

2. *Elijah in his bearing to his neighbor.*

You never knew a rugged, stern life that was honest that did not have veins of tenderness in it; but there is danger that the harsher side will dominate. Elijah met Ahab well. He wanted truth, not tenderness. Scorn and sarcasm, instead of tears for another, may have their time and place. But you like to think of Elijah best in the home of Zarephath, where he becomes a benediction to a starving woman and a dying boy. You hardly know this man, who made a king quake and who stood as an avenging angel on Carmel, as he enters a desolate home to supply it with food and bend in prayer over a child. And the woman was a pagan! But he won her—won her faith and love by the old divine method of helping, not killing. If Elijah had had more of that spirit when the multitude said, "Jehovah is God," it would have been better for him and his religion. It has been customary to claim divine sanction for that slaughter of Baal's prophets. But after events prove rather that when Elijah thought himself victor as the champion of God, he was vanquished as the champion of man. The inquisition quoted Elijah. Many a harsh measure in religion has been carried on in his name.

It was not hunger and weariness alone that met him at Horeb and made him say, "It is enough, O Jehovah! Now take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers." He was safe enough as far as Jezebel's scouts were concerned. But he could not get away from that divinely deep consciousness that God's way was not to kill but convert. And the blood of the priests murdered at Kishon cried out against him. I know it is easy to say Torquemada did the best he knew with the heretic; that Calvin honestly believed he must help burn Servetus, and the Puritan was sure that it was to the glory of God to destroy witches and banish Baptists; that Elijah was all right in destroying Baal's prophets, but history bears out the thought, as well as morality, that you cannot violate the great law, "thou shalt love thy neighbor," and your soul or your neighbors, or your religion, thrive. Reaction comes just as

it came for Baal in Israel, and the work is not done.

Say what you will of the need of a harsh remedy for a dangerous disease; admit that the highest and noblest appeals cannot always be used at once, and then it remains true, and it has been true from the first moment, that two moral beings met anywhere in this universe, that it is the method of Calvary, not Carmel, that wins.

The human way is to banish, and persecute, and slay. The divine way is to lead, teach, forgive, save, and the trouble in the world to-day is in exact proportion to the amount that we rely on the human way.

Elijah was not left at Kishon, where blood instead of blessing was the method. Horeb taught him that there can be uncompromising hostility to sin with unfailing helpfulness to the sinner, and we find him next in Naboth's vineyard as the champion of his neighbor. If the meeting on Carmel meant the rights of God, the meeting in the vineyard meant the rights of man.

There is a great windmill at Potsdam, Prussia, in the midst of palaces. Frederic the Great tried to buy it but could not. He became angry and arbitrary, but the miller appealed to the court judges at Berlin, and they sustained him, and the mill went on grinding corn; but it did more than that. It stood as a monument for the rights of the poor against the rich; the ruled against the ruler. Naboth, like the Prussian miller, loved the inheritance of his fathers, and stood for his rights, but he had a Jezebel to meet, and under an infamous pretense or use of law, she won. Elijah hears of it and his honest soul flames with a just wrath and he comes to the defense of his brother's rights. He meets Ahab, and the contending forces are hardly less striking in their contrast than on Carmel. On one side is a king—on the other, a subject. Ahab, suave, elegant, popular; Elijah, stern, rough, uncompromising. Ahab, supported by the keenest, cruelest woman of her day. Elijah, alone. Ahab was fortified by law; Elijah had only the authority of conscience.

Ahab with power to kill, the prophet with only the power to plead and warn. There they met—in men's sight, Ahab a giant; Elijah a dwarf. But you know the result. The king cringed and trembled, the prophet straightened his tall form, and hurled the truth like a spear. Ahab was the slave; Elijah the master, for it was a conflict of right with wrong.

So it is always. We sing, "Right forever on the scaffold; wrong forever on the throne;" but that is not true. Moral weakness and cowardice is never a match for moral integrity—when they stand face to face. On the side of conscience is faith as fixed as the hills; courage as indomitable as the Almighty; so of course Elijah wins. But he does not attempt to execute judgment now. He leaves the king under the law, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Elijah is learning "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord," and out of this meeting came sorrow and shame, perhaps repentance, to Ahab.

And we need this lesson. We go to two extremes in dealing with the bad. It is compromise or cruelty, neglect or hate. To face the evil with a sternness that brings terror, but to touch the evil doer when you can, with a Christ-like pity—that is what the world wants. We have lived too much on Carmel. Saul of Tarsus with Stephen; the Jewish Christians with Paul; the church with Savonarola and John Huss and Cranmer and Ridley, John Wesley or John Robinson, these are illustrations of the same old spirit in milder or harsher form, that moved Elijah at Kishon. It will be a great day for the church of the living God, when she learns fully the lesson, that above all her defense of her creeds or governments or forms; above all her supposed devotion to her God, must come the love of men that will carry her from Carmel down through Horeb and up again to the mount where Christ opened his mouth and taught them, saying: "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

We have studied Elijah to find what he did for God and his fellowmen. We must not forget what in return they did for him.

This weird figure in coarse attire, this lonely wanderer, dependent on a widow's bounty; this man of blunt speech and no polish of society, has come down to us as one of the mighty men of history. I do not wonder he had power with God. Take his age and his mission, the crises of his nation, and the wonder would be if God had not used him as he did. Do not stumble over the miracles recorded. God uses men mightily when they let him. Paul before Agrippa; Luther before Eck; Phocian in Greece; Cromwell at Marsten Moor; Wendell Phillips in Faneuil Hall; John Brown at Harper's Ferry, were all Elijahs. In times of great crises they stood as Elijah on Carmel, and God stood with them and wrought his miracles of truth and grace through them.

But Elijah and his time have done us many a practical service also. I want, in closing to notice some of these.

1. It is not the work of one man to do everything. There is a marvelous continuity and harmony in the work of good men. There is with it a wonderful diversity. No man's work is complete without others. Moses needs Aaron, Paul needs Luke, Luther, Melancthon; Wesley, Fletcher; Elijah, Elisha. I cannot do your work, nor you mine, but your work needs mine, and mine will fail without yours. They may be contrasts greater than Elijah's and Elisha's, but they are welded in the great plan for the world's redemption. Elijah may get the fame, but Elisha will also get the crown.

2. Again, not all the work is done on Carmel. Elijah expected too much from that sweeping revival shout when the people said, "Jehovah is God." So do we in religion, and everywhere, from a single movement. A magna charta for England, a declaration of independence for America, an emancipation proclamation for the slave, a law abolishing the liquor traffic, an altar filled with converts—these are Carmel victories, fine, but not final. It was not till centuries after Elijah's day that "Israel went no more after strange Gods." Do you remember that Elijah went from Jezreel and Carmel and Horeb to Gilgal and Bethel and Jericho when there were the schools of the prophets?

This son of the wilderness, Ascetic and Nazarite became a teacher, a theological professor in his later years. His last journey was not to the silences of Cherith or the battle-field of Horeb to secretly

and selfishly commune with himself and God, but to the school, where the young men greeted him, and he blessed them.

That is the normal course in religion. Out of the cell into the school; out of the wilderness into society. Action AND *thought*, deeds and *study*—these are not to be divorced in any healthy life, or age, or religion.

3. Another lesson—God works with *men*, not with creeds, systems, institutions, in great crises of progress and reform. Their personal equipment often seems contemptible. Moses with his rod, David with his sling, Paul and his thorn, Peter, without silver or gold, John Brown and the slave, Elijah and his mantle. These are not great weapons, but back of these were *men*, and back of the men was God, and they won.

> "Our little systems have their day.—
> They have their day and cease to be."

But men live and grow and save.

> "God give us men! A time like this demands
> Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands."

God wants men—ignorant, imperfect they surely will be, but when, like the Tishbite on Carmel or Horeb, they can be trusted, they move the world.

4. Another truth came out in Elijah's history. There is a "Hidden Church." "I am alone," said Elijah. "There are seven thousand with you," said Jehovah.

So in Africa and Asia and America we shall find when God numbers there are many whom we did not know who have not bowed to Baal. It was the pagan who gave the oil and bread and room to the prophet.

But there is a counter-truth here. Elijah was not the only preacher in Israel. They numbered hundreds, but they were timid, time-serving. Those thousands ought not to have been silent and unknown in that crisis. How they might have strengthened and balanced the fiery prophet! The slaughter at Kishon might have been prevented.

So it is to-day. There are crises constantly when God's forces should stand and be counted. In the vital reforms about us, in the moral, social, religious issues in every community this is the only way. It will cost something, but it is more than worth the price to stand, not stubbornly and fanatically, but steadily, rationally, for God's side. And we shall not be alone. The "saints of Cæsar's household," Peter finding Cornelius, Christ and the Syrophoenician woman, Elijah and the women of Samaria, we shall find a part of the seven thousand.

5. Again, in all this battle for God be fair. The sarcasm of Elijah on the hill may be allowed, but that was only a fragment of the spirit that day. Jezebel had persecuted. A weak or wrong cause will do that. But Elijah said, You shall have every advantage you demand when the test comes. That was faith! When in politics, or religion, or in the defense of *any* principle, or plan, or game, we dare not be fair, we have either a bad cause or no faith. To suppress facts, to repress discussion, to browbeat or persecute means final defeat. A wrong, when this world sees it is wrong, never has and never will triumph. The Carmel and the Horeb times come, but in all the battle tolerance, not slaughter, is God's command.

6. And then do not be afraid of a minority. Four hundred and fifty against one on Carmel; a man against a nation! But,

> "Humanity sweeps onward.
> The hooting mob of yesterday
> In silent awe return
> To gather up the martyr's ashes
> Into History's sacred urn."

Elijah's fame and crown came because he stood for God in a day when no one else did, stood when it cost much. And God used him as but few men in history while he lived, and when the end was to come, sent for him as for a royal ambassador.

The other day the queen of England ordered her royal carriage to meet Minister Hay as he went to present his credentials. So God sent for Elijah. But the truth for us in his going is this: The triumphant end that comes to a life that has been fearless in its integrity. No matter how stormy and lonely and troubled that life has been, "At eventide it shall be light."

Elijah of Gilead is to become Elijah of Paradise. He had met his share of enemies in life; the last enemy became a kingly servant. To this "chariot and horseman" of Israel, Elijah—this man who, like the cavalry, had sped from city to city as God's messenger—this man who, like the artillery, had thundered the truth from Carmel and Jezreel and Zarephath that Jehovah is God—is now to lay down his earthly weapons.

I like to read of that farewell journey with Elisha to the schools. I like to think of the inspiration that must have come to the young men as they saw him, and then, best of all, that last vision, in which the soldier-like reformer, the faith-defender, the prophet-teacher, this unique, imposing man, leaves the toils of earth for the triumphs of heaven.

But so will God lead any life true to Him, as Elijah was true, "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," and when our work is done he will send the chariot.

Things That Cannot Fail.

When the anchors that faith hath cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
The leash of sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace.

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear;
That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side.

—*Washington Gladden.*

"There is something greater than expression; that is, thought. There is something greater than philosophy; that is, truth. There is something greater than fame; that is, worth. There is something greater than doing; that is, being."

The Study Table.

The American Journal of Theology.*

The third number of this quarterly is one of which the editors may justly be proud. It is not simply an exhibition of dignified scholarship, but a series of valuable discussions contributing to the advancement of learning and the stimulation of thought. This verdict must be given even to the first article by Professor Mead, of Hartford, although he does not win our assent to his argument. He directs an acute critical attack on such liberals as have somewhat injudiciously heralded as a new discovery the idea of the Fatherhood of God, and in particular he will show that some popular modern apprehensions of the idea are not explicit in the utterances of Jesus. The article has both assent and dissent from us. For us there has really been a discovery in the sense of a disclosure of living, inspiring thought beneath the cold algebraic formulæ of Christian doctrine, and we think Dr. Mead overlooks the implications of the thought of Jesus, and therefore loses some of its vitality. By interpreting God by the ideal nature in man Jesus really universalized Fatherhood and Sonship. It is a significant thing that the "discovery" has been won by an historical insight into the thought of the synoptic Jesus, and that Dr. Mead refutes the larger meaning by appealing to the Fourth Gospel.

This lends interest to the article in which our own Principal Drummond, of Manchester College, defines the relation of the Fourth Gospel to the ancient Easter controversies. This lucid essay is an important contribution to the subject. The old argument was that the Quartodecimanians celebrated Easter on the fourteenth day of the moon as a commemoration of the Last Supper, claiming the sanction of the apostle John. It could not, therefore, have been the apostle who wrote the gospel in which the supper is placed on the thirteenth day. Dr. Drummond utterly destroys the argument by proving that the festival was not an anniversary of the Lord's Supper, but a continuation of the passover. On the other hand the reader leaves the article with an adequate refutation of apostolic authorship. The evangelist is here as a Quartodecimanian, *i. e.*, one of those who perpetuated the Jewish passover as a Christian feast of redemption. It is his inherited usage therefore which makes him place the crucifixion on the day of the passover, and not the possession of a more accurate record than the synoptics.

Another contribution of the deepest interest is F. H. Foster's account of Puritan Theology in New England, 1620–1720. It is to be hoped that this study will be continued in future numbers. We have heard much shallow praise of the ethical value of Calvinism, and here we are shown the morally blighting effect of pure Calvinism and its corrosion of church life. The critical view finds expression also in McCurdy's article on the Moral Evolution of the New Testament. This is radically true to the historical view, but it also presents the record of moral evolution as of divine significance. In the spirit of Lessing's famous tract, the natural and true idea of revelation is offered in the place of that which is mechanical and artificial.

The same admirable spirit of historical appreciation, scientific candor and constructive aim characterizes other parts of the number, which is too large for detailed comment. It is a pleasure to read the valuable comments of the editor of THE NEW UNITY on literature which deals with the relations of Unitarianism and Judaism. It is a satisfaction to be thus assured that the *American Journal of Theology* is to live on a high level, and to serve as an instrument for theological progress.

FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE,
Meadville Theological School.

The House of Dreams.

The question of the authorship of "The House of Dreams," † is not the only question that the volume raises. The reader finds that the two hundred pages hold his attention, but questions all the while how wholesome is the interest they arouse. They describe the night vision of a man with a deep sorrow, whose mind is dwelling on the cynical utterances of a friend. There is a morbid tone, especially in the earlier pages. They are full of death-bed scenes, and most of the people die because life was too hard a business—grief, shame, loneliness or a frenzy of love killed them.

A second question is that of the author's personality. Not only is it uncertain whether he is man or woman, but also his philosophy is a matter of doubt. Plainly he is a Trinitarian, but beyond that it is difficult to describe him. Two sound principles underlie his scheme; the rest is an odd combination of scientific truth, Biblical quotation, superstition interpreted fancifully, mystically, often illogically. These two principles of salvation are: "He who hath once known love can never be wholly forsaken of hope;" and, secondly, a true impulse, when once it has stirred a human soul, however faintly, leaves the soul with the power of growth which finally may regenerate even the soul of Judas, painful though the regeneration be.

The author has read and thought somewhat, but disjointedly, without systematic conclusions. There is a sprinkling of Swedenborg, of Herbert Spencer, of Jonathan Edwards. Apparently the book is meant to be a serious exposition of the author's theory of the universe, and still one questions whether, after all, it may not be simply an imaginative dream; events do not follow each other as in real life, but cause and effect, set aside as in dreams are, as are also other laws of nature. The volume is printed in an attractive summer literature style, and in other ways suggests that it is not intended to be taken seriously. Many of the pages contain good and suggestive thoughts, and the later chapters are of greater soundness than the first. U. M.

The Houghton, Mifflin & Co. House are soon to add to their attractive list of Cambridge Edition Poets the writings of Robert Burns, all in one volume with the necessary annotations, for two dollars; also an added volume from the unpublished writings of James Freeman Clarke, entitled "Nineteenth Century Questions," topics ranging from "Why I am not a free religionist" to "Have animals souls?"

*Published by the University of Chicago.

†The House of Dreams, Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

These papers were arranged before the death of the gifted man and are now given to the public in permanent form. They also promise a new Emerson volume containing the John Sterling letters to and from. The letters are edited by the careful hand of the son, Edward Waldo Emerson. Also a new volume of poems from our great literary mentor, Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Some Lecture Notes.

Walter Pater wrote but five volumes, including his one novel, Marius, the Epicurean, but these five, the work of his lifetime, were wrought with such subtlety and nicety of style as to remain distinctive amid the century's literature. In manner and contents his works are characterized by urbanity, the quality of preciousness.

Pater's spiritual history is discoverable, if his writings be read in their chronological order, beginning with the essays on literature and art, following these with Marius, the Epicurean, and concluding with the essay on Plato and Platonism. They reveal a mind passing from a philosophy of sensationalism to one of idealism. One of the Imaginary Portraits, called The Child in the House, shows the training of the boy in sensuous experience. Marius, the youth, resolved life into a series of delicious impressions. But the thought of the author ascends finally to Platonism. The first books mark a rare perception of physical beauty; the last books rise to a knowledge of beauty of a spiritual kind. In early life the critic sought by whatever means to gain variety and poignancy of experience whether healthful or unhealthful. But in later life he became a moralist, selective and refined. But at all times it is to be said, Pater continued generally in the mood of health. The impressions he recorded as a youth were those of physical sanity and daintiness — the clearness of water, the bracingness of air, the colors of the Spring. He felt existence in the terms of a delicate vigor. An affinity to refined wholesomeness led him to become an exponent of health and congruity in matters of the spirit. His insistence at the last is upon dicipline, harmony, clearness of thought and of feeling.

It was my good fortune to meet Mr. Pater at Oxford about a year before his death. The impression made upon me by his personality was that of over-refinement. Any philosophy of sensationalism seems barren at best. He was pale, worn, delicate, his voice soft, his manner weary. The refinement of his nature was for me brought into prominence by the contrast afforded by the presence in Oxford at the same time of a man of another type, Tom Mann, one of the leaders of the English workingmen. Mann was swarthy, vigorous, and with a mighty ringing voice spoke on the rights of labor. Pater was softly and deftly defining Raphael. The one had coarseness with health and power, the other exhibited refinement with delicacy. I thought then it might be possible to combine the two and body forth a higher third, who should have health without rudeness, and urbanity without disease, one to whom neither the man in the street nor Raphael in the gallery should be wholly a stranger. Still, if one must choose, is not the price of a special culture too great to pay?

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The dews of blessing heaviest fall
Where care falls too.

MON.—I marvel at the humbling truth,
And thank my God he could deny.

TUES.—'T is fancy of the lower mind
That waxing life must needs leave all
Its best behind.

WED.—O, let me be myself! But where, O, where,
Shall the Myself be found?

THURS.—Thy fathers smoothed thy path, but made it hard
For thee to quit the same.

FRI.—For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work!

SAT.—This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.

Jean Ingelow

How an Angel Looks.

Robin, holding his mother's hand,
Says "good-night" to the big folks all,
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall.
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tuckt for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother, with fond caress,
Slips her hand through his soft, brown hair,
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer:
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward!
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mama, what is an angel like?"
Askt the boy, in a wondering tone:
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm all alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he.
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes."
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried, and lookt with a pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
"I know, mama! They 're just like you."

—ANON., *in Philadelphia Ledger.*

Almost a Tragedy.

Christine went to and fro about her work—the pleasantest picture imaginable. The children divided their attention between her preparations for dinner, the lively parrot and the dignified, wise old cat, Minzie. "Ship ahoy!" cried the harsh voice from the corner. "Good morning dear. How do you do? What have you got in your pocket? Polly wants a cracker! Good gracious! Wish you a happy New Year!"

They all broke into laughter at this burst of eloquence, Christine's merry voice mingling in the chorus. Minzie rose from the mat, stretched herself, slowly crossed the room to where Polly sat chattering on her perch, and began to play with the chain by which the bird was fastened, giving the loop a push with her paw so it swung back and forth. The parrot watched her awhile, then suddenly cried, "Miow!" Minzie looked up. "Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the bird, as much as to say, "Did you think it was another cat?" and forthwith began to scream afresh, crowing like a cock, barking like a dog, imitating the creaking of a door, and then suddenly going into a frenzy of sneezing and cough-

ing and snuffling, like a person in the most desperate stages of influenza. Minzie sat looking, as if she enjoyed the performance, and the children laughed till they were tired. Then mamma called the children up stairs and they skipped away.

"I think I 'll set my bread to rising before supper," said Christie to herself; "then I shall have more time to write my letter home this evening." So she mixed it up and put it in a large wooden bowl, covering it with a nice clean towel, and leaving it to rise on the dresser. After supper, when everything was in order for the night, she bade good-evening to Minzie and Polly, went up-stairs to her room, and began to write her weekly letter to her dear, far-off Norway. She wrote slowly, and had been busy about an hour when she heard a loud distressed "Miow," outside her door. Evidently something was the matter. "Why, what is it?" she cried, as she opened the door. Minzie sprang in, quite excited, rubbed around her and ran back toward the door. Christie started down-stairs, bearing the lamp in her hand, the cat frisking around her. When she reached the kitchen door, she heard a cry from the parrot.

"Come, come, come!" cried Polly. "Good gracious! Won't you take a walk?"

The voice did not proceed from the bird's accustomed corner, and looking about, the first thing Christie saw was the linen towel she had spread over the bread, on the floor, and Minzie standing up on her hind paws with her two white mittened fore-feet at the edge of the table, craning her head forward and crying piteously. There, in the middle of the large pan of soft dough, sat Polly, sunk to her shoulders in the sticky mass, only her neck and head with its huge black beak and glassy yellow eyes, to be seen. She had pulled the towel off the bread, and, in the process of investigating it, had become fastened in the thick paste, sinking deeper and deeper, till she was in danger of disappearing altogether.

"Ship-ahoy!" cried Polly. "Come! Poor Polly! What does Polly want?"

Christie burst into laughter, and much to Minzie's distress, ran to call the children before helping Polly. With shouts of merriment they helped to disengage the bird, and set her into a basin of water to soak. She was very quiet, and let them do as they pleased with her, only ejaculating, now and then, "Good gracious! What does Polly want? Oh, my! Won't you take a walk?"

"If it had not been for Minzie," said Christine, "poor Polly would have been smothered in the dough," and she told the children how the cat had called her.

After they had washed Polly and set her on her perch, as near the fire as they dared, to dry her bedraggled feathers and warm her shivering body, "Bless my soul!" she chattered; "What does Polly want?"

"I should think you wanted to be punished, if you were n't punished enough already," laughed Christine, as she proceeded to set another bowlful of fresh dough. *Celia Thaxter.*

O make the home-place beautiful with grass and flowers,
For love cords best entwine
With leaf and flow'r and vine,
And home is where the heart dwells in sweetest, gladdest hours.

Golden-Rod.

When the year is growing sober,
When September nears October,
Still the summer sunshine lingers,
Treasured up by unseen fingers,
In cheerful sprays of golden-rod.

The Boys and the Birds.

Our boys went into partnership with the birds one spring to help them build their nests. They put certain materials within their reach and watched the results. Some colored strings, torn strips of cloth, or cotton batting were placed outside, and the birds were not long in finding them. A pair of yellow warblers found some of the cotton and began a snow-white home in the small fork of a flowering shrub. This nest was very easily watched, and when the birds began to line it, a bunch of pure white horsehair was placed at their disposal. The result was one of the prettiest nests imaginable, for every bit of it was as spotless as snow. The experiment of placing slate-colored, dyed batting in a convenient place did not find favor with the builders. Perhaps they did not like the dye, or was it that the white material was better for use in a shrub which had whitish bark and almost white blossoms?

These experiments suggested others which were aimed directly at the robins and catbirds, especially the latter. Old "Bob" used to sit close to my window and pipe his jolly Cheer-up-cheer-up-cheer-up-cheer-cheer-up, as though he had not a care in the world. When he found a narrow strip, torn from an old shirt, upon the ground, how was he to know that the trifling black marks upon it had been mischievously put there, and that to human eyes they said "All bad eggs here?" As the uncomplimentary statement was printed upon both sides of the rag, it did n't matter which side "Bob" left out. As it happened, most of the rag swung free, and he who ran might read.

The catbirds delighted in bits of brownish paper about six inches long by an inch in width. Such nonsense as "I steal your cherries," "I can't sing a bit," etc., would be printed upon both sides, and frequently the results were very comical. Visitors would be quietly guided to the nests and allowed to read the mottoes of the respective houses. A laugh was sure to follow, and then the remark, "The boys stuck that there, of course."

The boys, however, merely furnished the materials, which the birds utilized to suit themselves, and trifling as the amusement may have been, it helped the birds to build, and, best of all, it got the boys so interested in the fun that not an egg or a nest was ever molested. Other boys may find plenty of harmless amusement in trying the same simple experiments.—*Our Animal Friends.*

We all know that the older the seed the worse the crop, and the fresher from the hand of God the little mind, the deeper we can stamp on it ideas of purity and truth. In doing this we must remember that the spirit giveth life. "I have to work like a slave," said a good woman, weary with her worries, but the answer came from a more way-wise comrade: "Oh, but, my dear, you can work like a queen."—*Francis Willard.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Chicago.—There is a Bible precedent for the abandonment of the fish in the interest of men. Our neighbor and associate, R. A. White, reverses the order, and once a year lapses into the primitive calling. He boasts in the parish paper for September 4th, "that he was of service to his son in landing a ten-pound codfish." Doubtless he enjoyed it, and perhaps the codfish has forg ven him. Now, Brother White, cast in your nets on the other side, and may you have more souls than your net will carry as the result of your gospeling in Chicago the next year.

Michigan.—Rev. A. K. Beem, a friend of The New Unity and the Liberal Congress, has transferred his field of labor from Anamosa, Ia., to Lapeer, Mich. He is one more man to help to the larger synthesis of the liberal forces in Michigan. We will expect a roll-call of the liberal forces in Michigan one of these days, and the response will be gratifying to those who believe that all broad-minded men should join in the co-operation for holiness.

Kansas.—Mrs. Helen Campbell has become dean of the woman's department of the Kansas Agricultural College, with the additional chair of household economics and hygiene. Mrs. Campbell is an expert on these topics, and we believe her labors will render this school, already famous, still more attractive to young women who wish to lift household economics into a fine art. With all our manual training enthusiasm, that is left to the last which ought to be first, viz., the education of girls and boys in homemaking, the feeding and the clothing, that bless or curse this life, as they are wise or otherwise.

Chicago.—It is a struggle between the First Presbyterian Church of this city and a similar church in Los Angeles, as to which will secure the ministrations of Dr. Chichester. Dr. Barrows' old parish wants him, and the Californians do not propose to let him go if they can help themselves.

Buddhism.—The King of Siam, the only crowned head of the Buddhistic faith, is interested in the establishment of a great Buddhist missionary college, to be established either in Calcutta or at the old shrine of Buddha-Gaya.

Methodism.—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church claims to have raised and disbursed $4,026,434.01 since its organism, without the help of a single salaried officer.

Toledo, O.—Mr. Jennings, pastor of the Church of Our Father, is out promptly with his announcement card. The following are his topics for September:

September 5th, at 10:30 o'clock, "Lessons from the Bicycle."

September 12th, at 10:30 o'clock, "What Constitues a Unitarian at the Present Time."

September 19th, at 10:30 o'clock, "An Outing in Chicago; the Hull House, or a Study in Sociology."

September 26th, at 10:30 o'clock, "What Shall the Harvest Be?"

California.—Rev. George L. Chaney, who has been the consecrated Unitarian Bishop of the South for so many years, has been called to the vacant pulpit of Berkeley. This was a happy thought. We trust he will go. Mr. Chaney carries the accent of culture and the dignity of thought which becomes a college town.

Rome.—The civic authorities have removed the restrictions against religious processions, and the Vatican has been notified of this action. Thus slowly will civic and religious Rome be reconciled one to the other and the one will find itself in need of the other. When the Vatican and the Quirinal will join their forces and harmoniously work for the elevation of Italy then will the truly "new Italy" begin to be, in its power and beauty.

The South.—Tardily the ministers of the gospel are beginning to speak out against the great atrocity, the accumulating scandal of this portion of our country. The Methodist ministers of Atlanta have put the formal seal of their condemnation on lynching by adopting resolutions declaring the practice "a sin against God and a crime against man, for which, in the sight of God, there is no excuse."

Ryder Memorial Church.—The Jackson Park Sanitarium, located in the Convent of La Rabida, has done in a small way what the well-known establishment in Lincoln Park each year accomplishes on such magnificent lines, one hundred babies, with their mothers, having received care and medical attendance, during the hot months. Most of these children live in the vicinity of the stock-yards, where the air is vitiated by smoke and foul odors, and the benefit to them of days spent in the invigorating atmosphere of the lake in a place so quiet and restful as to be in itself a sedative, can hardly be calculated. Two classes of the Ryder Memorial Sunday-school gave an entertainment for the benefit of the sanitarium on Friday evening, September 3.

The programme consisted of five excellent numbers of vocal and instrumental music, followed by charades, acted by the pupils and guessed by the audience, and, in conclusion, a story, written with numerous blanks, to be filled in with adjectives suggested by the audience, the effect, when the narrative is read aloud, being similar to that produced by the sight of an ill-assorted piece of crazy patchwork, and drawing forth peals of laughter. Light refreshments were served, and those who contributed to the entertainment felt happy in the thought that the modest sum realized might aid in bringing relief to some tiny sufferers during the last oppressive days of summer.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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OBJECT

TO unite, in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

—From Articles of Incorporation.

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All meetings not otherwise arranged for will be held on the Exposition grounds, most of them in the Auditorium Building. No definite arrangements have been made for afternoon sessions. The programmes may overflow. Arrangements will be made for Special Meetings and Conferences. One hour, or more, each afternoon will be given to an inquiry meeting in charge of the Secretary.

Much correspondence is still pending, and many speakers are planning to be at the Congress, not herein named, therefore the programme on following page is subject to such modification as circumstances may require.

The Headquarters of the Congress will be at the Tulane House, in direct street car communication with the grounds.

See fourth page for Special Rates of Transportation from Chicago. Those coming from other points will do well to correspond, beforehand, with the Secretary, or Dr. Isidore Lewinthal, 226 McLemore Street, Nashville, Tenn., Chairman of the Local Committee.

THE INVITATION

All churches, religious and ethical societies, conventions, associations and conferences sufficiently in sympathy with the above object, and interested in the following programme, are cordially invited to join the Congress, attend the Nashville meeting, participate in its deliberations and co-operate in so far as lies within their power, without disturbing the church or other relations which may now exist and have claims upon them. The programme indicates our purpose to make the Nashville meeting not only national, but international, not only non-denominational, but inter-denominational. We seek, for the time being, to rise out of the theological discords into the ethical harmonies, forgetting our disputes about creeds in our agreements about duties. Ministers receiving this call are requested to present it to their congregations and bring it to the consideration of their official board. Secretaries of conventions, associations and other religious and ethical bodies are requested to do the same. The sum of ten dollars or more by any society entitles the society to representation, of a minimum of three delegates. Five dollars constitutes an individual an annual member; twenty-five dollars a life member. Further information given on application to

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PROGRAMME OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION

To be held in connection with the Tennessee Centennial Exposition.

OCTOBER 19-24, 1897

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19.

2 P. M. Business Meeting of Members and Delegates of the Congress, in the Club Rooms of the Tulane House, the headquarters of the Congress.

8 P. M. Opening Sermon by Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D.D., of Chicago, followed by Addresses of Welcome:

On behalf of the State of Tennessee, by His Excellency, Governor Robert Taylor.
On behalf of the Exposition, by Hermann Justi of the Local Committee.
On behalf of the South; ————————————
Response for the Congress by the General Secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20.

Religion at Work: Not the Creed, but the Deed, the Fruit Test.

10 A. M. "Are we Outgrowing the Need of a Church?" Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R. I. (Delegate of the Free Religious Association.)

"The Relation of Religious to Industrial Progress," Rev. W. D. Simonds, Madison, Wisconsin. (Delegate of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and other Independent Societies.)

The topics to be further discussed by Edwin D. Mead, Editor *New England Magazine*, Boston, Caroline Bartlett Crane, Pastor People's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich., and others.

8 P. M. "The Demands of Religion upon the Churches of To-day," Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., Pastor Congregational Church, Columbus, O.

"What Can the Churches Do Together; A Co-operation in the Interest of Holiness," Rev. J. H. Crooker, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Troy, N. Y.

Leader of the discussion: W. L. Sheldon, Lecturer of the Ethical Society, St. Louis, Mo.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21.

10 A. M. "The Contribution of Science to Religion," or "The Message of Science," Rev. E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y., presiding.

"Science and Theism," Prof. E. A. Dolbear, Tufts College, Mass.

"The Inspirations of Science," Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, Cambridge, Mass., (Delegate of the Free Religious Association.)

8 P. M. Bible Meeting, Rev. Philip S. Moxom, D.D., Pastor First Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., presiding.

"The Bible in the Light of Modern Thought," Rev. Emil G. Hirsch, Ph.D., Minister of the Sinai Congregation, Chicago.

"Biblical Criticism and Theological Belief," Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22.

The Church and Education.

10 A. M. "The Church and the Public Schools." Rev. R. A. White, Pastor of the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Chicago.

"The Church and the Press," ————————————

"The Church and the Club," (by some representative of the National Organization of Women, name to be announced.)

"The University of the United States: The Nation's Opportunity," Hon. John W. Hoyt, Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, Washington, D. C.

8 P. M. A Conference of Comparative Religions, Dr. Lewis G. Janes of the Cambridge School of Comparative Religions, presiding:

"Hinduism," Swami Sâradânanda.
"The Parsi Religion," Jehanghier D. Cola, Bombay.
"The Jain Religion," Virchand Ghandi, Bombay.
"Mohammedanism," Emin L. Nabokoff.
"Buddhism," Dr. Paul Carus, Chicago.
"Judaism," (name to be announced.)
"Christianity," Rev. John Faville, Pastor Congregational Church, Appleton, Wisconsin.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23.

10 A. M. "The Things that Remain," Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills, Boston, Mass.

"THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS: What It Did and What It Is Going to Do," C. C. Bonney, President of the Parliament, followed by a Fellowship Meeting of the sects. Short addresses from representatives of the various sects present.

3 P. M. Business Meeting of Delegates and Members. Election of Officers for the next year, Place of Meeting, Etc.

5-9 P. M. Reception to the Congress by the Ladies of Nashville in the Woman's Building on the Exposition Grounds.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24.

A Day of Preaching.

10 A. M. Preaching by the Visiting Clergy in as many of the Nashville Churches as will be open to them. Churches wishing supply will please communicate with the General Secretary.

3 P. M. Mass Meeting in the Tabernacle down town. Speaking by Dr. W. S. Crowe of New York City; Dr. E. L. Rexford, Columbus, O.; Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills, of Boston; Rev. R. A. White, Chicago; Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo, and others.

8 P. M. Speaking and Lecturing in the different churches as arrangements can be made.

RECENT REGRETS AND ENDORSEMENTS.

THE REV. THOMAS F. GAILOR, Memphis, *Associate Bishop of the Episcopal Church of Tennessee:*

"If this be a correct statement of the purpose of this Congress, I am debarred by my convictions from taking part in it, yet my profound respect for the sincerity and ability of you and your co-workers, and my grateful appreciation of the kindness of your invitation makes this letter a very unwelcome task."

REV. D. C. KELLEY, Columbus, Tenn., *Methodist Minister:*

"Our annual conference meets at Shelbyville, on the 20th, from which I cannot be absent. That good may possibly come from a rightly conducted meeting, such as you propose, is not to be doubted."

PROF. R. G. MOULTON, University of Chicago, writes from Cambridge, England:

"There is honor enough in the invitation you have given me to speak at the Nashville Congress, but the date is an impossibility to me. Had circumstances permitted, I would gladly have joined in your good work. As it is, I can only wish you God speed."

HENRY WATTERSON, of *The Courier Journal*, Louisville, Ky.:

"If it were anywhere within the bounds of the possible I should gladly accept the invitation you convey to to me . . . I wholly sympathize with the purpose of your meeting and it is with genuine regret that I am forced to deny myself the pleasure of being with you."

H. H. KOHLSAAT, of Chicago:

"It is simply impossible for me to take part in the exercises. I sincerely hope it will be a great success, and the *Times-Herald* and *Post* will be glad to do everything in their power to forward the work."

REV. J. H. KIRKLAND, *Chancellor Vanderbilt University*, Nashville, Tenn.:

"Let me assure you that I appreciate more highly than I can tell, the honor conferred on me, in asking me to deliver an address before the Congress, and I am sorry that circumstances are such as to preclude my acceptance of the invitation."

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, M. E. Church, Chautauqua, N. Y.:

"It is impossible for me to go to Nashville at the time you indicate. I should be glad to look into the aims and methods of your society, to know what responsibility I should be able to assume in connection with it. On general principles I am in sympathy with everything that tends to clear definition through discussion, hearty co-operation and real charity."

PROF. JOHN S. BROOKS, Harvard College:

"I should most gladly do what you ask if I were not hopelessly tied up with lectures. I thank you for the invitation."

REV. JOHN L. SCUDDER, *Pastor of the Tabernacle*, Jersey City:

"I am exceedingly sorry to say that I cannot be present at the meeting of the Liberal Congress, although I approve of the object and sympathize with the spirit that would bring all of us closer together. I would like to come to talk institutional church. My heart is in it."

REV. EDWARD JUDSON, New York City:

"Accept heartiest thanks for kind invitation. I have warmest sympathy with the aims proposed, and sincerely regret the extreme pressure of engagements which imperatively prevent my acceptance."

REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR., New York City:

"I regret very much that my engagements prevent my acceptance. . . . I have looked longingly at your Congress meetings for the last two years, but I could not get to one of them. . . . My sympathies all lie in the direction of your work. You are at perfect liberty to make any use of my name that will help your cause."

REV. JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D. D., Chicago:

"Your invitation to come to Nashville, to speak of India, is attractive, but my engagements at that time will prevent my acceptance."

RABBI KRAUSKOPF, Philadelphia:

"I highly appreciate the honor conferred upon me by asking me to present a paper at the Nashville Congress, but try as I will, I fear I cannot break through the entanglements."

THESE ARE SAMPLE LETTERS of hundreds received from the good and eminent in the nation, who would gladly be with us were it not for the difficulties of time, distance, and pre-occupation. Among those sending regrets, couched in such kindly terms, that they become inspirations, are: Professor John Fiske, of Cambridge; Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University; President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins; President Schurman, of Cornell; President Andrews, of Brown; President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr.; Professors Burr and Wilkinson, of Cornell; President Harper and Professors Henderson, Small, and Zeublin, of the Chicago University; Rev. Lyman Abbott, and Hamilton Mabie, of New York; Rev. Chalres F. Dole, of Boston; and Dr. Momerie, of London, who is moving toward organizing a British section of the Congress, and many others.

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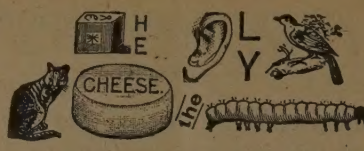

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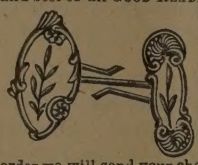

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CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall. N. D. Hillis, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, Steinway Hall, W. M. Salter, Lecturer.

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CHURCH OF THE SOUL (Spiritualist), Masonic Temple. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Minister.

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